PRON AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE THEUNE.]

ALEXANDRIA, February 3.

The windlest place in the world, I fancy, the nit of Mount Washington perhaps excepted, is the Austrian sea-port of Trieste. "When the northern breezes blow," as the song says, or the "Boras," as the Adriatic satiors have it, descend from the Tyro-less Alps, ropes are stretched from post to post in the streets for the ambulating population to cling to, lest they should be swept out of town or into the harbor. No vessel at the wnarves or at anchor dares to quit her moorings until the Bora has spent its fury; and thus it fell out that although my berth was secured in the steamship Venetia, of the Peninsular and Oriental Line, and I was assured by a printed manifesto of that autocratic company that the ship would leave Venice punctually at 10 a. m. on the 19th of January, the said vessel was not visible to the naked eye at the bour dictated. "No," said Signor the agent, in reply to inquiries, "She eas a sheep of tree tousant ton, but she cannot get no more out of Trieste unteel ze wind sall no more blow-himself. No, M. M., ze viaggiatori sall get themself to Alexandre by ze Tanjore." This new arrangement was of little consequence to any one except pernaps the officers and crew of the Tanjore, who, having only a few hours before returned from Alexandria, were (most of them being Italians) looking forward with great delight to the joss of the Carnival which commenced on the coming Sunday. -But the Indian mail must be met on that day at Brindisi, so satlors and Festival must yield to that imperious contract; therefore, about 4 p. m., the Tanjore, with her sorrowing crew, slowly steams out, between the muddy shoals which guard the tortuous channel into Venice.

The Tanjore is a venerable vessel, but wide and commodious, and as speed is a thing not suffered by the traditions of the P. and O. Company, the Tan-jore, having all the modern improvements (of twenty cears ago), is considered to be still the fastest boat in the service. Moreover, since the 11th of last June, an historical interest has been tacked to her hull, as she was appropriated by Admiral Seymour on that date to serve as an asylum for the refugees of Alexandria during the bombardment. The state-rooms of the officers literally bristled with warlike trophies of that tremendous achieve ment of the English Navy, and pikes, Remingtons, and pieces of exploded shells which "nearly struck the Tanjore," were exhibited with great price and valiant satisfaction. In the pale warmth of the January sunset, the façade of the Ducal Palace assumes a coral complexion, and the tall campaniles of beautiful Venice recede and diminish until entirely blotted out by the dominating masses of the far distant snow-topped Alps. For a mement or two the big red orb fires the cozy shoals with glory, and out we go into the sunlight and the tumnltnous sea, as the clang of the dinner bell drowns the soft chimes from the nearest island.

At table we number about thirty. The captain is a native of Erin, short and stubby, but with a lofty nose. After the siege of Alexandria he distinguished himself by leading a band of his own men to the salvage of the wrecked city, and he was honorably noted for his good service. On his right sits the tomist's "guide, philosopher and friend," Mr. Thomas Cook. He knows every meh of Europe and Asia, every yard of railroad, and probably, by this time, every tie and sleeper. From his depot in Ludgate Circus he dispatches the tourist, with a continuous round ticket in any direction, giving him in that talisman conveyance by read, rail, boat, cab, diligence or donkey, and finding him with bed and board in every town or hamlet where he may stop. The name of Cook & Son appears ubiquitous, for let the traveller descend in never so remote a soot, there springs up an agent, with the magic name of that firm braided apon his forehead, to render him in various qualities of broken English comfort and assistance. Mr. Uook is a genial person of large experience, who speaks of the world as one or the minor planets, which he has chartered in the interest of the adventurous public. In contradistinction to Mr. Cook there is a clerical gentleman opposite who has taken to circumnavigating the globe in his old age. He is a man of large family; his sons and daughters have been long since grafted on other stems and planted out, some in Egypt, some in Australia, some in the United States; so that he is now going upon a pious circular pilgrimage to the various family shrines. Crossing the St. Gothard I observed him coiled up in a corner of the coach, and set him down as a noese father, until in the heat of a discussion expansive oath escaped me, when the old gentleman suddenly ejaculated: "Thank Heaven! nere is some one who can speak English at last." There is a barrister with more spectacles than nose, going out to regulate a new court of law in Cyprus, and several attachés, clerks and piratical adventurers outward bound, with the conviction that Egypt is an oyster each shall open for his own advantage.

At dawn on the following day the Tanjore enters the harbor of Ancora, and the Arch of Trajan and the great dome of St. Siriaco on the cliffs above it. stand out clearly cut and coldly beautiful Then the vessel ploughs on ner way, another fifteen hours to Brindisi, the "jumping-off place" for the East. Here the Romans fitted out their triremes for conquest; a thousand years after the Crusaders em-barked hence for the holy wars; and here now millions of messages of peace or business are dispatched every seven days to the ends of Asia and to the antipodes. The harpor is well protected, although the shores are not lofty, the town itself being built on the highest ground between two arms of the water. The most prominent object attracting notice is a column of white marble standing beside its ruined fellow on a little eminence near the quay. It may have formed part of the façade of a temple or a monument of some description, out the inscription upon the pedestal is comparatively modern and the style of the capital—the acanthus leaf entwining gods and conids—indicates a late period of art. Never were the hands of time and vandal man seen more closely combined to wreck the beautiful than on these chipped, channelled and ragged remains. The churches are of little beauty and interest, with one exception, that of San Giovanni, which stands in a back slum, surrounded by squalid cottages and heaps of rubbish. This building is octangular, or was so until partly destroyed in the eleventh century, but enough of it is left to admire yet—the Byzantine torch, with columns on leonine pedestals, the curious double roof, the loopholed windows and the ancient freecoes of the interior. It has been carefully cleaned, restored, and is intended for a municipal museum. Across the neck of land formed by the arms of the harbor a series of vast gates, walls, of ditches and fortunctions extend in various states facade of a temple or a monument of some descrip arms of the harbor a series of vast gates, walls, of ditches and fortuleations extend in various states ruin and decay, but the Castello itself at the north each has been set in good order and converted into a prison for long-term convicts. From its lotty walls you look down into quadrangles where gangs of men are promenading in chains, for this is Sunday and work is suspended. The words "Casa disciplina" over one gloomy door indicate the dark ceils, but the warder informs us that corporal panishment is abolished in the prison. Everywhere prevail cleanliness and order, virtues doubly manifest after the riot and filth of the town itself; while away down, in the deep most, a superb kitchen garden blooms already, and lines of lemon trees glitter with golden irmit.

chen garden blooms already, and lines of lemon trees glitter with golden truit.

Returning to the wharf, we find that the steam-ahlp Venetia, having escaped from Trieste, has lollowed us in hot haste to claim her correct turn for Suez and Bombay, so we say good-day to the obliging officers of the Tanjore, and take possession of the berths we had secured in London. About 2 in the morning a general re-illumination, a banging of doors and a wild chorus of strange voices announce that the mail with the contingent for the East has arrived. The exalted tones of the British swell, the "Aw, pursah, I say, this isn't my cabin, don't you know," echo through the ship, and the hitherto unsuspecting slumbering passengers wake up, turn out, and finally at daylight turn in again, as the new arrivals are stowed away. The tumult subsides and the Venetia puts out of port and sets her nose southeast by east.

We have made additions to our party—several army men of rank, and one middle-aged lady on her

subsides and the Venetia puts out of port and sets her nose southeast by east.

We have made additions to our party—several army men of rank, and one middle-aged lady on her way to rejoin her husband in Cairo, Sir Evelyn Wood, just appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army of occupation. She is a charming person, with a sempon of the Dublin brogue, and retaining the fine outlines of a beautiful girlhood, while her daughter of fifteen has the black hair and bluegray eyes peculiar to Iriah beanties. Hourly, life seems to change with the rise of the mercury in the thermometer, and the decks swim in color as we sail south. The turbans of the crew, the gay costumes of the ladies, vie with the warmth of the skies and the deepening sapphire of the seas. We pass the shores of Corfu, Zante, and then, coasting

where burning Sappho loved and sung."

upon the home stretch for the ruin called Alexandria. Slowly, on the third day after, the ruined forts and the Pharos appear above the horizon, and, as in old days, a forest of masts betokens the return of prosperity. A clamorous multitude of beatmen surround the steamer, and soon we set foot upon the land of the Pharaohs. GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE.

THE RIVIERA.

---FROM NICE TO MONTE CARLO.

. NICE, January 27. The new road recently completed from Nice to Monte Carlo is one unceasing scene of beauty, and has entirely supplanted the Corniche, which is now seldom used between those places. Lovely vilias surrounded by beautiful gardens and grounds alternate with steep slopes, cut in terraces, which are all highly cultivated, leading down to the sea, and with cuttings along the face of the mountains rising perpendicularly to a height of a thousand feet, while on the opposite side of this beautifully macadamized road is seen the blue Mediterranean. Then you drive past a rushing and musical mountain stream which is crossed by a massive arched bridge of stone, or look down over a precipice hundreds of feet high into the sea, or pass through fragrant lemon and orange groves, and olive-clad southern slopes on which you see grand old trees which were growing there before Norman William crossed the Channel to win Saxon Harold's English crown. Pepper trees full of pink clusters of berries; stately palms, and aloes with their scarlet flowers; the cactus with its crimson fruit, and the fig. fir and juniper, meet the eye, as well as myriads of wild blue violets and many varieties of roses, including the favorite Nicola. Cherry trees are now In blossom, roadside hedges of roses and geraniums are in flower, and the midday sun is so warm that shade is most welcome. Pedestrians are seen perspiring under the noonday beat; many are wearing straw hats, and the passers-by in carriages are carrying unfurled sunshades. A delightful drive of an hour and a half brings

one to Monte Carlo, having passed at Villefranca

the United States steamer Lancaster-flagship of

Admirat Nichelson, who goes home in March to be

succeeded by Admiral Baldwin of New-York-and

halted for a few minutes at Beaulieu to see some

exceedingly old gnarled and most picturesque olive trees, said to be more than a thousand years old! On this unequalled drive, built by the French Government at a great cost, may occasionally be met the venerable Prince Gortschakoff, ex-Chancellor of Russia, and his attendant, for his feeble health renders an attendant necessary; the old but still soldierly looking French Marshal Canrobert, and the well-preserved Mile, Rosa Bonheur, now past her sixtieth summer Her residence is at Thermery, on the outskirts of the Port of Fontainebleau, where she has a large and commodious chateau con taining a perfectly ideal studio, bu her winter home is at Nice, where she is at present businy engaged on a large picture called "Transplantation." For the benefit of such readers as piny not happen to know much about Monaco and Monte Carlo, it may be mentioned that these two places, containing a population of less than 5,000 inhabitants constitute the Principality of Monaco, about three and a half miles in extent. Prince Charles III., who is blind, by a treaty made in 1861 ceded all his rights over the towns of Mentone and Roccabruns and their adjoining territories to France on the payment of 4,000,000 frances by that country, and undertaking at the same time to cause the projected railway between Nice and Genoa to pass through Monaco and to construct a carriage road between Nice and Monte Carlo by Villefranca and the coast. Prince Charles resides in a handsome palace at Moaco, and his extensive gardens stretch along the cliff with paths sloping downward to the sea. Aloes of every description and geraniums particularly your ish in these gardens, and form gorgeous masses of coloring. The miniature army of the Prince, conaisting of a company of 100 men commanded by a colonel, is an object of admiration owing to the smart bearing and handsome uniform of the men. Leaving Monaco pro er, the visitor descends by a boulevard bordered by pimento trees, which leads into the Condamine, as the small cluster of villas separating Monaco from Monte Carlo is called, and then comes in sight of the world-renowned Casino and sardens of Monte Carlo. The former is a large. bandsome editice. On the left as you enter are the bureaux of the administration, and the Salle de Jeu, which has two doors, one for entrance and one for exit On the right are the Salle de Lecture and the Salle des Concerts, a handsome apartment about the size of Chickering Hall, but withmanner. Here during the season are daily given evening and afternoon concerts, which are free to

and English journals. The Salle de Jen is literally three aparture instead of one. The first and second rooms are devoted to roulette, and the third, which was opened in the spring of 1881, is reserved for the treate et quarante players. To these six or eight tables, hunireds and thousands of people of both sexes, and of all ages nationalities and stations in life daily resort during the winter season for the purpose of gambling, sometimes standing four and five deep around the tables. As a rule the players appear to take their winnings and losings philsophically, if not light-heartedly, and the most perfect order and decorum prevail. The Casino is now conducted by a company whose profits in the year 1882 were in round numbers about a million of dollars. A stm. ilar amount, it is stated, was expended during the year in keeping up the grounds and gardens and in maintaining the petty sovereign by whose author ity this public gambling house on the German system was established, the only pest of this description in Southern Europe. As Mouaco is under the protectorate of France, it may be that ere long the French Government will put down so glaring an exception to its general prohibition of public gambling.

all, by an orchestra of seventy instruments, which

also free, is well supplied with the Continental pa-

pers and periodicals, and also with many American

second to none in Europe. The reading-rosm,

Ing.
The American and English colony at Monte Carlo is never very numerous notwithstanding its de-licious climate and enchanting scenery, its matchless gardens, grounds and terraces, and the opportunity it affords of listening to music such as can be heard in but iew places in the Old World,—a spet of which it may be said, in the words of Heber: "Where every prospect pleases, And only man is vile."

The explanation is tound in the dread of the gaming The explanation is tound in the dread of the gaming tables and their disastrous surroundings very properly entertained by families, who prefer to avoid the danger and to seek out some other Riviera resort for their winter's sojourn. Of these there are very many and possessing varied attractions. Beyond Toulon, travelling eastward, there is a succession of seaside towns and cities which have become during the last constant. seaside towns and cities which have become during the last quarier of a century the winter homes of various autionalities, but enlefty of English. Americans and Russians. First to be reached by the train from Toulon is Hyère, situated on the south slope of a hill and well sheltered from all winds except the Meustral. Then comes St. Rabhael, discovered and popularized by the caustic Alphonse Karr, whose name is still to be seen over the door of a flower shop in Nice, and where Lord and Lady Salisbury are now wintering. It was at St. Raphael that Napoleon landed in 1749 on his return from Egypt, and embarked for Elba in 1814, and a few miles distant, near Antibes, is a stone pillar bearing the inscription, "Souvener du ler and a few miles distant, near Antibes, is a stone pillar bearing the inscription, "Souvener du ler Mars, 1815." referring to his escape from that island. Accompanied by a few hundred soldiers the Emperor landed at Gulf Juan, a spot to be seen from Gladstone's windows, and after a brief bivonac under the clives near the monument, marched on Grenoble and began the campaign which terminated at Waterloo. After passing Cannes Nice is soon reached. From Nice the train proceeds eastward, passing Monaco, Monte Carlo, Mentone, Ventimiglia, Bordighers,—the home of George Macdouald,—and St. Remo, and in a few hours reaches Genos 'a superba.

At one or other of these Rivieran resorts are at At one or other of these Rivieran resorts are at present sojourning the Prince of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Dunraven, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Eardley Wilmot, and several score of other members of the two Houses, a number so large that it has been suggested that the British Parliament might be opened next mouth at Nice or Cannes, instead of at Westminster!

"Yesterday," writes a friend from Cannes, under date of the 25th inst. "while walking in the English cemetery I met Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by his wife and two friends, who drove from the Château Scott to visit the grave of Lord Brougham. The Prime Minister in leaving the spot threw on the exchancellor's grave a bouquet of wild violets, and

Scott to visit the grave of Lord Brougham. The Prime Minister in leaving the spot threw on the ex-Chancellor's grave a bonquet of wild violets, and walked back to the vills, a distance of between two and three miles. Gladstone has very greatly improved in health by his week's solourn at this watering-place by the tideless sea."

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

ROSE AND LILY.

Rose and lilv, white and red, From my garden garlanded, These I brought and thought to grace The perfection of thy face Other roses, pink and pale, Lilies of anoth r vale. Then hast bound around thy head In the garden of the dead.

MONSIEUR, MY HUSBAND.

'And you mean to tell me my brother proposes to to marry Marie to a Prussian!' Allie, Archaimbault, the sister of the well-known Strasburg banker, was for once roused from her ordinary well-bred calm. Sue spoke shrilly, and her dark eyes sparkled with race.

with rage. 'I do,' said the ugly little abbé, the great friend

"I do, said the ugly little ablé, the great friend of the family, and confessor to Marie Arenambauit and that beloved twin-brother, Alphonse who was killed in the late Franco-German war The abbé and Mile. Archaimbauit (who kept house for her widowed brother, now absent for the moment in Paris) were seated in the magnificent drawing-room of the Hötel Archaimbauit in Strasburg.

Impossible—preposter.us! Marie,—the best match in the town,—who might marry a vicomte at the very least, and the aunt glanced complacently around at the tapestried walls, the heavy amber satin draperies, the massive gilt furniture and marqueteric caloinets arrayed as primly as the garden outside, where avenues, out straightly as if by some sharp giant knife, ended in a statue or a fountain. 'Marie—to marry a Frussian! My brother must be mad, or you'—turning sharply to the abbé— are jesting.

or a fountain. 'Marie-to marry a Prussian! My brother must be mad, or you'-turning sharply to the abbé—are jesting.

'I never felt less inclined to do so, mademoiselle.' And, indeed, the abbé's wrinkled-leather face was twisted into an expression of grave perplexity as he leaned his elbows on his knees, loosely clasping his thin hands, and staring vaguety at the hoge rose bouquets on the Anbusson carpet. He understood the letter he had that morning received from his friend, the banker, well. It was dated Paris, and commissioned the abbé to break the news of his consent to the pretensions for Marie's hand of a young German officer, the son of a Berlin millionaire. This the abbé, who had been partially in M. Archaimbault's confidence, took to mean that the recent alarming failure of certain great Parisian bankers had so far invertiled the Strasburg house that failure would only be averted by this marriage. For Marie's dot had been a temperary stop-gap, and the young German was more than ready to marry her without it; in fact, to make any arrangements M. Archaimbault pleased.

But the abbé did not understand the banker's postscript, which assumed Marie's consent, and announced the arrival of M. le pretendu as immediate. He wishes to have his first interview with Marie alone,' wrote M. Archaimbault. 'Request my sister that it may be'

It was necessary for the abbé to break the ice. The roses on the carpet did not help him. At last he blurted out:

'This gentleman arrives to-day.'

he blurted out:

'This gentleman arrives to-day.'

'Let him arrive.' Mille Archaimbault leaned back in her chair, folded her arms lightly across her bosom, and looked-in the neat black dress she was still wearing as mourning, not only for the young nephew 'murdered by the Prussians,' but for captured, subdued, enslaved Strasburg—as grim and forbidding as a prison portcuilis. 'Let him arrive. He will not see me.'

fured, subdued, ensiaved strasour, as grin and forbidding as a prison portculits. 'Let him arrive. He will not see me.'

'No,' said the abbé quaintly. 'Your brother desires that he shall see Marie alone.'

No shell thrown into the beautiful city when beleaguered by her victorious foes, could have produced a sharper effect. Mile. Archambault gasped, paled, choked; took up her fan, then dropped it, and burst into tears.

'That is all right,' thought the abbé, cheerfully.' When once they begin to cry, they give in.' Then he save her time to 'have her cr, out,' and, watking to the window, gazed out where the town lay spread out around the proud cathedral, whose lofty spire seemed still stretching skyward—the beloved city, now all patches and props like some wounded banan being. But mademoisele wept on, and he came back into the stately room, thinking how much more unpleasant this was than his usual experiences of the hotel; the evenings spent playing came back into the stately room thinking how much more unpleasant this was than his usual experiences of the hotel; the evenings spent playing prequet with M. Archaimbault, and teaching the fair, beautiful Marie English. Latterly there had been more English and less picquet; for the banker, after losing game after game through inadvertence, would get up and go to his own room, and the abbé, after taking a few thoughtful pinches of smil, would put away the cards and join Marie where she sat at work in the corner with her aunt. They had nearly linished reading 'Ivanhoe'; and to-day an unknown knight would appear. How little had they dreamed this!

'Do you not think it would be better to think how we shall treak the news to Marie, instead of crying about it I' asked the abbé, gently. Then as mademoisele incoherently marmured something about 'the shock' and being 'totally unnerved,' he rang a small sliver hand-bell.

The yellow sait portiers were lifted, and, as if, by magic, a footman, in the fawn and crimson Archaimbault livery, with heavy silver shoulder-knot and loops, spotless stockings and freshly powdered hair, stood there, awaiting his orders.

"Tell Mile Marie-' began the abbé; but the footman stepped aside with a respectful obeisance, and a young girl came in, dressed in white with large bows of black ribbon. She was tall, fair,

and a young girl came in, dressed in white with large bows of black ribbon. She was tall, fair, with serone blue eyes under arched brows, and a soft white skin—more lise the Beignan mother who had died shortly after the birth of the twins, Marie and Alphonee, than like the French father and aunt, dark, why and determined. Perhaps the teautiful girl's most potent charm was her graceful oat and neck, which deserved the epithet of an-like anciently bestowed mon the celebrated tilds of Finnders, Good-morning, she began issantly. Marie was always giad to see the d-natured, monkey-like face of the abbé, with

pleasantly. Marie was always glad to see the good-natured, monkey-like face of the abbé, with those stray wisps or bair which never would keep in the right place across his bald head. Then her welcoming expression changed to one of consternation 'Ma lante!—and she went quickly to her, kneeling down and exclaiming. 'Papa?'
'Is perfectly well,' said the abbé drily. 'your aunt has been crying—about you.'
'About—me?' Mane tooked perplexed.
'Yes. You have received a proposal of marriage.'
The aunt clasten her niece's bands, and averted her eyes. A smile flitted across Marie's face—amused, incredulous—as a stray sunbeam flickers apon a wintry landscape. She had rarely smiled since her twin Drother's death. 'But, mon pire, there is no one,' she said. Indeed they had led secluded lives since the war—since their terrible loss at the Hotel Archambault. The abbé cleared his throat, 'Yes, there is,' he

Do not tell her. I cannot bear it. It is an in-'Do not tell her. I cannot bear it. It is an insult,' mostered her anot.

Marie glanced quickly from one to the other, then she compressed her lips. 'Please tell me a once,' is she said firmly. 'Whatever it is I can bear it. I have known grief,' 'I have had a lotter from your father this morning, in which he desires me to inform you that he approves of a proposal made for the honor of an aliance with you by a young German.'

The abble reversed the contemptons term.

approves of a proposal made of the hold of all alliance with you by a young German."

The abbé repressed the contempthous term 'Prussian' out of respect for the approved aspirant. Still, so strong was the Strasburgian hatred of their present ruiers, that he felt ashamed when he disclosed the intelligence, and could not bring himself to look Marie in the face. Therefore neither he nor Mile. Archnimbanit, who sat, the image of despair, gazing into vacanov, saw the beautiful blush, the droop of the eyes, the happy smile that dwell one moment upon the young girl's lace—one moment, for it was only a memory. Still, the memory softened the 'Oh!' with which she greeted the announcement.

You perceive we have not quite killed her with

our intelligence, remarked the abbé to the aust, somewhat saturically.

'The idea is too preposterous for her to realize,' replied the lady indignantly.

'What!—that a German wishes to marry me? Does my father desire the alliance, mon pere?

'I am afraid—I think he does, ma fille.'

'What is this man—this German—like?'

'Well,' the abbé paused, thinking pitifelly of the natural curiosity of these daughters of Eve, a curiosity so strong that it seemed to smother their holiest natural impulses—the is. I suppose, tail'—throwing up his arm—strong'—indiating his chest—'fierce'—rolling his little eyes—'with a great moustache, red, red as fire.'

throwing up his arm—strong—initiating his chest—fierce '—rolling his little eyes—with a great rioustache, red, red as fire.'

'No, no, not red—fair! cried Marie. Then, as her aunt and her confessor stared in astonishment, her head drooped, and a biash mantled even her fair throat with a tinge of pink.

And he is—an officer.' ('At least this will arouse her natural animosity toward her brother's slayers,' thought the abbe, himself growing almost annoyed by Marie's unnatural demeanor.)

Marie was silent.

'And his name,' continued the abbe, almost sternly, 'is Karl Elchmann.'

'Crnel! You have kilied her!' cried the aunt, terrified. Marie had risen to her feet, and holding her hands to her breast had staggered away. She leaned against the wall, her eyes closed, pale with the ghastly pallor of a corpse.

'What have I done?' Mon Dieu! what have I done?' exclaimed the poor little abbe, wringlug his hands 'I can assure you, madenoiselle—my good child, I had no idea—how was I to imagine—'You have done nothing,' said Marie solemnly, opening her eyes. 'How could you know?' Mon

good child, I had no idea—how was I to imagine—'
'You have done nothing,' said Marie solemnly,
opening her eyes. 'How could you know? Mon
pere—that name was said to me—by my dear
brother—the moment before—he died.'
An instant's silence. Then the abbé murmured:
'This is indeed a mystery.' sobbed Mile. Archaimbault. 'It is the worst day of my life.'
'Compose yourself, my child,' said the abbé hastily. A servant entered and presented a card to
Marie on a gilt salver.
'It is Herr Karl Eichmann,' said the young girl.
'Ask Herr Eichmann into the antercom,' she said
caimly to the servant; 'and when I ring the well,
bring him in'

The footman bowed, and retired.

'You, my aunt, and you, mon père, had better await us there' (polecting to an adjoining room), and when you hear me ring this bell twice you will come to me.

'She is right, as it if will come to me.'

'She is right,' said the abbé consolingly, offering his arm to Mile. Archambault. And feeling halfstunned, he hardly knew why, he led the trembling, weeping woman into the adjoining bouldor.

After Marie had carefully closed the big doors upon them, and had arranged the partiere, she made a violent eflort to compose hernelf for the coming interview. 'Mon Dieu! what can it mean?' she first said, wilaly, pushing back her hair from her burning forchead. How well she remembered the events of that awful day when ner twin-brother—almost one with herself—her beloved Alphonse—dieu! He had been brought home to them, dying slowly of some injury to the spine, shortly after the capitulation, and they had enjured the slow agony of watching him lie insensible day after day, bour after hour. That crael time, when Strasburg lay fettered, the enemy's strong foot upon her neck, dearer than ever to her children in her slavery! Each man, weman and child seemed to bear one link of her heavy chain around their hearts like a crown of thorns, while they stiently sopraed and shunned their conquerors, and caressed their lost nationality in secret. In moorning garb they thronged the churches, creeping thither through streets where they would be least oftended by the sight of those 'accursed Prussians.' And while the market-place was gay, the restaurants full of bright uniforms, the military bands clashing out the latest German waltzes and quick-marches, net one citizen of Strasburg could be seen there. They were abasing themselves before the altars, and the little chapel of Our Lady of Sorrows in the cathedral was tuil of sad kneeling figures from early morning till late night. Here Marie came, here she field in her anguish, when the doctor told them Alphonse's life was now an affair of hours. It was evening; while the flickering of the many, votive tapers played upon the sad beautiful face of the Mater Dolorosa in the great picture above her altar, easting strange new expressions across the pained features, the kneeling crowd were in stunned, he hardly knew why, he ted the trembling

the Mater Dolorosa in the great picture above her altar, easting strange new expressions across the pained features, the kneeling crowd were in shadow. Marie could faintly distinguish the outline of the Pieta in the corner of the chapel—the great image of Mary with the dead Christ in her lap. She wept and prayed; and was rising to return to her waten beside the deathbed, when she saw a face cazing in upon her through an aperture turn to her watch beside the deathbed, when she saw a face gazing in upon her through an aperture in the screen that divided the chapel from the cathedral nave. A man's face, soft, teneer; the eyes fixed upon her with such pity, such deep, yearning love, that instinctively she moved a step forward. Then she remembered, recoiled, and the face vanished. Was it a comforting vision? Some strange influence had passed into her soul: a promise of consolation. Calmed, wondering, she went through the darkness and out into the mounlight, unaware of a quick step that followed, till, the door shut behind her, a voice said pleadingly, 'Mademoiselle?' lemoiselle!'
She started—turned. Heavens! she was face to

She started—turned. Heavens! she was face to face with a tall officer; the moonlight gleamed on the silver facings of his light-blue uniform.

'Monsieur! she cried, with passionate anger. Then, drawing herself up, she flashed one glance of hatred upon him and fled.

That night Alphonse opened his eyes; he was conscious, he smiled upon them. Bending over him, she had heard him say those two words. 'Karl Eichmann,' then he sighed, and his spirit went.

All these things came back to her as she stood irresolute, looking at the eard inscribed with that name. At last she nerved herself, and rang the bell.

bell
'Herr Karl Eichmana.' Quick footsteps crossed
the floor, spurs clauked, a tall figure was there.
She stood, her eyes axed on the floor.

She stood, her eyes nxed on the floor.

'Mademoiselle!

'Ah!' A shiver, a shuddering sigh; alt color left
Marie's cheeks; her fips trembled. This was the
man in the paleoline uniform, and his face was the
face she saw that night in the cathedral. Bewildered, she shrank back and stammered;

'Sir, there is some mistake. I expected Herr
Lieutenant Karl Eichmann.'

He smiled. His large blue eyes looken benignant,
though his huge monstache lent fierceness to his
face.

'I am he,' he said. -but you-you spoke to me-and my

Did your brother tell you about me? he eagarly isked.
'Monsionr, my brother is dead; but he once spoke nsked.

'Monsieur, my brother is dead; but he once spoke that name to me.'

'Then you do not knew that it was I—that saw it—an! let me tell you, mademeiselle,' he cried, for marie turned away; the sight of that hated uniform, the recollection of that night, sickened her. 'Hear me! It was I that, fighting near to your brother, saw the fragments of a shell strike his herse—saw it rear and throw him. These arms lifted him and carried him from the field. Yes, mademoiselle, his head rested here' the struck his shoulder; 'and if it had not been for my you would never have seen him again alive. I was powerless to save his life, but at least I can lay claim to having prolonged it. Now, will you still turn away as if you could not bear to look at me?

'You were my brother's enamy—perhaps—even—ah! I cannot bear the thought.' She spoke in a hard, choked voice.

'Mademoiselle, I was his friend.'

'How or nid you—a Prussian—be my brother's friend?' She turned upon him in suger: more with herself—for in spite of the fact that this man was a foe hated with a cherished hatted, the same curious influence affected her as in the cathedral. When she looked at that fine face with the frank large eves ann the bronzed, aquiline features, she was attracted, pleased, soothed.

'Why did you not tell me this, thee, before?

'It you memember, mademoiselle, I trica to speak to you, but you would not hear me.'

'There I take leave to differ from you. I was betermined that no one should bear the stoyt of Alphonse's death-blow, except you, from my lips.'

Why?'

'Because, mademoiselle, I loved you.' He spoke with passionate earnestness. She blushed vio-

· Why? · Because, mademciselle, I loved you.' He spoke with passionate earnestness. She blushed vio-

Alphonse and I were friends in Paris, just before the war began. He was there, as you know, with his regiment—I to enjoy invself during my loave. his regiment—I to enjoy myself during my to How little we knew, when we used to talk of or the yawning gulf—the battlefield—that we

shortly divide us'.
. He spoke to you of me?' The tears welled into her eyes He drew a little velvet case from his breast, rev-

He drew a little velvet case from his breast, reverently kissed it, and held it toward her. 'Perhaps you recognize this?
'My portrait! The one I gave Aiphonse.' She was agriated. 'Did he give it you? But no; how could ne?'
'When I carried him note the tent after the fatal

moment, he opened his eyes, recognized me, and, feeling feebly in his breast, orew out this, gave it me, and said one word—"Marie!" It was his last effect, added the young man with emotion, before he fell into that unconscious state from which he never recovered. I understood that he wished me to place this in your hands."

'And—your name—was the last he said. What did he mean! Oh!' exclaimed the young girl, covering her face with her hands.

'rie knew how much I thought of you—how I cared for nim—how I had loved your pertrait, mademoiselle. He was pleased, he would read me your letters—those sweet, innocent, girlish letters; he would have introduced me to you; but then came the fatal news—the declaration of war. Private friends became public foes.'
'Does my father know this?' murmured Marie, behind the screen of her hands.

'No. He knew Alphonse was my friend. And he gave me permission to see you alone. Oh, Marie, listen to me. I have thought of you, feit for you, followed you at a distance watching over you, so long! I knew woonly chance was to see you and plead my

to me. I have thought of you, feit for you, followed you at a distance watching over you, so long! I knew my only chance was to see you and plead my own cause. A just one, he added almost maughtily. 'If these arms are not worthy to hold you—then may they be withered, paralyzed, as I stand here, 'Give me a minute to think,' marmured Marie, sinking into a chair, and leaning her head we rrly against the back. 'Can you not wait—come again?'

No, mademoiselle.' The answer was sudden, flerce, like a snot. 'I will either leave you at once, or remain.'

There was silence. Marie, in miserable perplexity—bound to her prejudices, yet her beating heart.

There was silence. Marie, in miserable perplexity—bound to her prejudices, yet her beating heart, her inclination, belying them—tried to think. She thought of Alphonse. Once more she heard the teable atterance—"Karl Elchmann." Her father, I do he not actually sent him here! Then—a Prussian—that hated unifocus! The more she reflected the more uncertain she grew.

Suddenly she sprang up. Decision was in her rallying color, her spackling even her whole demonstrations.

lying color, her sparkling eyes, her whole demeanor.
"It is all over," thought the brave young soldier.
His heart seemed to sank within him; he trembled like a girl; he turned to go; his head sank upon ts breast.
The hand bell rang shrilly-once, twice.

The hand bell rang shrilly-once, twice.

Before the second peal was fairly over the doors of the boudoir opened abruptly, the porticres were pushed aside, and two scared, anxious faces looked in, the abbe's quaint, ngly face above that of Mdile. Archaimbault, who walked into the room, pale, stern, determined to uphold her niece's brave refusal of this hated Prussian, if need be, to the death. "Monsieur?" Karl Eichmann started as Marle spoke, gently, tenderly; then, a soft hand stealing into his, be turned in astonishment, to find Marie smiling, almost beaming.

"Ma taute," she said, "and mon bon pére, allow me fo introduce to you, Monsieur, my husband."

"Diable!" cried the abbe, startted into profanity. "God protect us!" said Mdile. Archaimbault, devontly, crossing herself as a shield against Prussian witcheraft.

"You are both right," exclaimed the young man

first passionately kissing the fair hand that lay con-tentedly in his, then sainting them with a stiff, mil-itary bow. "You, madame, and you, mon péres- the devli may begin wars, but it is the good Gol who ends them!"--[Whiteball Review.

THE COMMENTATORS.—First Quidnune (in an ecstacy)—"I've just been writing to the 'New Shake-speare Society.' Believe I've made a discovery—that Horatio was Hamlet's father!"

Second Quidnune (enchanted)—"You don't say so!"

First Quidnune—"My dear sir, doesn't Hamlet, when he handles Forlet's skull, address Horatio, 'And smelt so, Pa't I think that's conclusive!!"—[Punch.

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT, -Featherly; "I sav, Chaff, if you want a medel for your sketch of a filighted Beins, l'il sit for you." Chaff: "Why, what's the matter, old man!" Featherly: "Sue passed me on the street a moment ago, and wouldn't look at me." Chaff: "Ab, I see. And so you want to go in among the cuts."—ichaff. BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY BOUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

I hear the artists say that Congress having put 30 per cent duty on foreign paintings,-an increase of 20 per cent,-to go into effect in July, most of our picture dealers and many amateurs are scouring Europe and making large purchases to anticipate the date. Possibly authors will some day get as much attention as painters, but I think that will not be till some of our rich men go abroad and import a million dollars worth of books at a time. The painting law must be a great pro-

Simonton's Turkish bath, the property of the late Associated Press agent, has been sold, it is reported, to Stokes, the hetel man, who seems to be buying or striving to buy everything about Madison Square.

is said to be ex-Mayor Grace. to execute $\, {f s} \,$ huge digging and dredging contract on Lesseps's canal, and it is trying to raise the funds in this city to procure the equip from soft and susceptible business visitors. Living by schemes seems to be the golden rule now.

"Coghlan, Jewett and Rehan comprise the female strength of the stage in New-York," said a foreign actor to me, " and the loss of either of them affects the attendance at a theatre immediately. Now I wonder that in America, where so many educated women are self-willed and free to choose a career, that the stage is not better recruited from the refined class, particularly since its rewards are the very best afforded in this world to women. We have not more than three such actresses in London but the stage in this country is more respectable than there, and a young woman can take her own course of conduct, which is doubtful in London. Besides, the American public responds to the private reputation of a woman and it tells upon the box receipts. Yet I observe that your stage is supplied with new stars from the vari-

Looking at the new Chamber of Commerce Building yesterday I reflected how necessary a plaza is to show such facades, and the little Bowling Green in part makes this opening, though the perspective of the edifice con-tinues beyond it with its unrelieved redness,—a mass of brick trimmed with still redder tile, a sort of incarnation of sumach. The American insignia upon it are plentiful, and it has American symbolism, too, the former in its tile shields of the States and the latter in its thirteen Roman arches making the main story and expressive of ne original Confederacy: but in general mass and lump it is one of the least Occidental of New-York blocks, a squatty English adaptation of Venetian Romo-Gothic, the heavy story and basement and little port-hole attics above disparaging its large proportions. In this climate and clear gray sky light skeletons and branching forms and open or elegant tracery easily naturalize, and most of our Broadway architecture has insensibly or imitatively risen in that nature. A repetition of dark basement further yet and striding bridge-like through the air with no weight to uphold above, no relief in paler stones or settings, and its insignia mere flery wrinklings in the molten clay, is as exotic here as would be old Hanoverlan George in a brick red uniform, short legs and Dutchy figure bestriding the Bowling Green again

Vienna contains the arms of all great cities in the world, including New-York and Chicago, but the crust of the building is tine and graceful like the Viennese blondes or the Princes of Hapsburg with their lisping, bi-petalled There is little real sympathy between the British and American mind in externals; in color, height or proportion. We are not moulded like them nor injected like them. Fanny Kemble, herself English though with American children, recently called attention to the gradnal extinction of all emotion, sympathy or sentiment in the English drama and insensibly in the English breast

The rapid construction of the Field Building, with its numerous gnomes all holding their mouths wide open as f they had something too hot therein to swallow, makes one of the most valuable squares in New-York of the Green, where the official residence of the President of the United states was once ordained to be. The Gov-ernment might erect its Custom House there, as Λ is now

Speaking of architecture, I think Governor Tilden has seen at much expense to alter a pair of tasteful if modnondescript bazaar-looking stone screen which has neither significance nor style but is a scries of streaks and gashes of generally ugty and slaty stone with spotted stairs, carved heads that bow dejected and uneasy as if wondering why they are assemble 1 together in that particular place, and an architectural flag-staff loubt, there is joy and solace, but outside Mr. Tilden has seen as vague and uninteresting in his great dwelling as te was in his campaign. Shade of Cicero and Cromwell. this does thee injustice!

New-York capital is said to be finding investment in Washington City real estate. Several parties here were competing for a lot in Mr. Corcoren's home block, nearly opposite the White House, recently, but it was sold to a party named l'aine for a flat-edifice. The price is \$5 square foot, or \$65,000 for the lot.

Jesse, who is said to have the best commercial head, is in operations with a young man from Boston, once the retired from the Army because his father's military promhospitality to all the officers as they passed through Chicago, and he is said to be highly thought of and at times supported in financial things by Commodore Gar-rison. And Ulysses, or "Buck," having had his ups and downs, is clear of the world and has a smart partner named Ward, the son-in-law of a deceased bank

went into the Cabinet he has given the cold shoulder to several squint-eyed and*integument-panoplied gentry ght his ascent from among them in the lob was not to be a translation. But such is official glory; if nvolves ingratitude, as Prince Henry proved to Falstaff. Posterity is divided whether to applied or censure the Prince, but all agree that he did give his bully, bosom friend "the shake." Even if Shakespeare never lived and Lord Bacon was all there was of him, this must be conceded. The Secretary's nobler half likes the diplo-matic circle, and he has departed to Valhalia leaving Painter and Mary Walker and other social carcasses to ollow the mariner with their eyes:

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell A spirit from on high.
But, oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye."

r. merchant contributes this anecdote: " At the Cortland Street Station of the elevated railroad the other day. I overheard a remark of most refreshing candor. Two well-bred women blocked up the gangway while the usual discussion as to which one should pay for both was going on. I began to be a little irritated at the delay, as the train was coming, when the dispute was brought to an end by the elder woman remarking with a laugh:
'Don't distress yourself in the least, my dear; if it was \$10 instead of 5 cents, neither one of us would pay for the other '!"

John Worthington, who disinterred the remains of John Howard Payne in Africa a few weeks ago, and whose fair young wife sang "Home, Sweet Home" at the organ in the English chapel, is a recent appointment to the Consulate at Malta and has weak lungs, which was the cause of his taking public employment. He was a favorite of James Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, who often took him in childhood out to his farm by the lakeside, called The Chalet, Cooperstown having been their mutual home, and near it, on the sources of the Sus-

quehanna, Mr. Worthington manufactured paper. His own residence is a charming cottage on the margin of the Episcopal graveyard where the Coopers were buried. George Hoyt, the successor and friend of Artemas Ward on The Cleveland Plaindcaler, married a coust; of Colonel Worthington's at Cleveland.

The possession of the bones of Payne would seem to be a concession to the melody of that poet's song rather than the perfectness of his verse, and Baltimore possesses the more poetical bones in Poe's revised tomb, which without being very fine is better than many tombs over which bathos and subscriptions have gushed. A certain appositeness in carrying Payne to Washington lies in the tradition that his play of "Brutus," which was the favorite part of the elder Booth, lurked in John Wilkes Booth's mind along with Randall's song, "My Maryland," as an incitement to kill Mr. Lincoln.
As old Booth came to America to try the stage, young Payne went to England to try it. He is said to have hashed up thirty-one plays there and five operas, and his "Brutus" was the seventh English play performed on that subject, and took its celebrity from the acting of Edmund Kean. Young Booth repeated:

"My soul.
Enjoy the strong conception! O, 'tis glorious
To free a groaning country, and to see
Revenge spring like a lion from the den."

The Life of Taney by Tyler contains a reading I fell on yesterday unaware, which furnishes meat for reminiscence. Andrew Jackson, whose personal goverament was such a surprise to his early partisans, took
Mr. Taney and a great many other Federalists out of the
Republican or Administration following and made them
Jackson men by cozening their unpopularity. The Federailsts divided into two camps at the close of John Adams's Administration, the Adams or John Marshall Federalists and the Hamiltonians. When the war of 1812 began the Hamiltonians in the Eastern States continued in rebellion, while both the Adamses, father and son, supported Madison's Administration, and the son was taken into the Cabinet and became a chiect of bitter hate to the Hamiltonians, and when he received the Presidency from the old Republican party the sons of Alexander Hamilton and the followers of Samuel Chase and Luther Martin, among whom was Taney, hastened to adopt Jackson as a means of heating Mr. Adams's re-

Jackson had written at the close of the second war to Mouroe: "Everything depends on the selection of your Ministry. In every selection party and party feeling should be avoided. Now is the time to exterminate the monster called party spirit. The Chief Magistrate of a great and powerful nation should never induire in party feelings." Montoe, lafluenced by Jefferson, would not take this advice, but a little later Jackson broke ou again: " I am of opinion that there are men called Federulists that are honest and virtuous and really attached to our Government, and although they differ in many respects and opinions with the Republicans, still they will risk everything in its defence." General Jackson then nominated for Secretary of War to Monroe a South Carona Federalist, Colonei Drayton, but Monroe, probably guided by Jefferson, refused to adopt the suggestion and put in Calhoun instead because he had been a strict Re-publican. There becau the wars of mulification and se-cession; for Calhoun, soon stripping for the Presidential race, met with his check from General Jackson's hands and endeavored to pull the North into nominating him by threatening it with disunion. The recent biography of Calhoun by Doctor Von Hoist glosses over and idealizes Calboun, but his Presidential passion and resent-ment were well-known to all his Southern contemporaries, who were never deceived on that score. General Jackson, becoming exasperated by losing the Presidency in 1824, put a rod in pickle for all Administration men and applied it in 1828, and instead of showing a nonpartisan front he made a list of office-holders who had opposed him, as systematically and coolly as Augustus did of the Senators who had assassinated Cæsar and marked them for execution. General Jackson's Admin-istration was more Federalist than Republican, but more personal than either.

HUMILIATIONS OF THE GERMAN.

the English drama and insensibly in the English breast.

All the labor of Dickens has ended in the burial of sentiment, and his only living follower is Bret Harte, a sort of nautilias and argonaut in one. The great relgn of Victoria has been laboring in vain to produce a building, and where is it? Dublin, Edinburgh, provincial capitals where democratic genius like Goldsmith and Burns, have given natura'ness to many kinds of expression, architecture among them, delight the eye more than the clumsy, gandy, insensate blocks on which the millions of London have been poured like gold p'ate melted in the pot of the "fence." The architecture of England in the reign of George IV. was more to American liking finan now, and Regent-st, seems like home to us. Upon the Continent our srehitects pick up forms often harmonizing here itamediately, as in Normandy, Brabant or Lombardy, and British villa forms of nearly two centuries past rise in our sky cordially as the sycamore tree, which is said to have been introduced here as late as IS10, yet seems to like us.

The Astors, having bought the queer old trap called the Guaranty and Indemnity Building, around Exchange Court, probably mean to taise its head on new foundations. The rapid construction of the Feld Building, with the vort "introduction" stamped on being valid account to the belies, but that they wail flowers and that their only way is to fly before they are caught by bods or master of cremonies. A knot of young men see some one approachings with the word "introduction" stamped on being with the word "introduction" s From The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. Cooking School and read at Old Ladies Homes than to allow one's self to be snubbed in society. Why, if the wail-flower element is born in one, it makes no matter how many elegant parties such an one may give, at the next German she may not be asked to dance even once by any one of the young men who a few nights ago drank her wine and fed on her boned turkey. It was not so a few years ago. Then, having given a party was full indemnification for being a wall flower, and one was sure of being invited to dance at least through half the season. Now, "there is quite as much humiliation as fun about society."

Some young men say that all this menepoly of attention could be prevented if it were considered etiquette to leave a young lady after she had been taken out and whirled back to her seat; but that, as it now is, etiquete demands that if a gettle-

s it now is, chiqueste demands that if a geotle-nan's chosen partn r of the evening is occupied, he hould stay with the last girl he has taken out un-

as it now is, citqueste demands that if a geotheman's caosen partar of the evening is occupied, he
should stay with the last girl he has taken out until some one comes to relieve him; and that, as no
one ever comes, the only way is to avoid all but
belies, even if the hospitalities of a wall flower's
house have been accepted. The case is embarrassing, and wall flowers must organize to protect
themselves by publishing their kindly intentions.
Toy watches must be engratited on bracel-ts, and
then, with one eve on the minute hand and the
other on the partner, the young lady can tell when
time is up and dismiss her three-minute chevamer.
There is as much fault to be found with grateful
girls as with rude men, only the girls are grateful
from humility, and the men rude from selfishness.
Graceful dancers, both young men and maidens,
say, as they have not time to take out all the good
dancers, why should they take the awkward ones?
Selfishness again! The experts go only to have a
good time: the awkward boys and girls will never
have any chance to accustom themselves to dancing
with all varieties of dancers, and survival of the
fittest will increase the smail but select circle of
the german. One wants to be fair to these belles
and beaus. They have natural and acquired rights;
only to their instruct for self-preservation should be
acided that of chivalry, which might be allowed
scope during one-fourth of an evening.

Akin to these tights is another inviolable one,
that of inviting as host whem one pleases. But if
a young man joins an assembly or a dancing class,
or goes to a ball, he abdicates his fancied right of
snubbing. Assemblies may be characterized as
"the engmatical," in order that no one shall know
who gives the invitations issued. Individuals feel
very restive under their non-admission, but they
prove themselves most doubtful of their heraldry
by writing, calling and teasing to be admitted.
This has been already alfuded to. It has become st
customary that reference is again made to talls snotbushness. int is more astonishing, that is actively the constraint of the many from such pleadings that a beloved daughter was not only prevented from all opportunities of marriage, but that her whole future aspect to scorety until twoscore and ten would be affected by her youthaul entrance or non-entrance into some special class or assembly—a class which generally counts less than a hundred and fifty—and an assembly of less than a hundred; while the population of Boston is 350,000. Are all the population of Boston is 350,000. Are all the people worth knowing limited to a certain set? Is there as society outside of the lirst issue of the Blue Book now it has sunk to the level of a directory? There is no single feature of American uppshness which gives more occasion for alarm than this desire to move in upper circles. It destroys simplicity, undervalues home life, makes us look down on average people, and values opinion only as an expression of circles. It destroys samplicity, undervalues home life, makes us look down on average people, and values opinion only as an expression of some special person, rather than for the worth of of the opinion. I have heard as much wit over crockery as over china. I have heard as much logiscal reasoning and humble scientific research and reverence out of society as in it. Turce-story-urick residents can discuss books as well as people. There are two lacts ever to be remembered regarding society-dirst, that society exists everywhere; secondly, that there is a fooisn ambition everywhere, which, rightly termed, is discontented snobbishness. At a certain demi-som-shobbish, acad-inearnest-to-succeed literary set, the absence of well-known writers was conspicuous, while the impressiveness of rising takent was oppressive. "is every one here a professor?" was asked. "Professors of professionals, who will soon be recognized as creating Boston thought." Such seit-content is really better, happier, than distrusting aping of another. It has its own public, and the circles of society strike each other.